

A P O E M

TO

His Sacred Majesty,

ON THE

P L O T.

Written by a Gentlewoman.

Hail Mighty Prince! whom Providence design'd
To be the chief delight of Humane Kind:
So many Virtues crowd Your Breast, that we
Do almost question Your Humanity:
Sure every Planet that o're Virtue Reigns,
Shed it's best Influence in Your Royal Veins.
You are the Glory of Monarchal Powers,
In Bounties free, as are descending Show'rs;
Fierce as a Tempest, when engag'd in War,
In Peace more mild than tender Virgins are;
In Mercy, You not only Imitate
The Heav'nly Powers, but also Emulate.
None but Your Self, Your Sufferings could have born
With so much Greatness, such Heroick Scorn:
When hated Traytors do Your Life pursue,
And all the world is fill'd with Cares for You,
When every Loyal Heart is sunk with fear,
Your Self alone, does unconcern'd, appear,
Your Soul within still keeps its awful state,
Contemns, and Dares, the worst effects of Fate;
The Majesty that shoots from Your bright Eye,
Commands Your Fate, and awes Your Destiny.
And yet tho' Your brave Soul bear You thus high,
Your solid Judgment sees there's Danger nigh,
Which with such Care and Prudence You prevent,
As if You fear'd not, but wou'd cross th' Event:

Your Care so Nobly looks, it doth appear,
'Tis for Your Subjects, not Your Self You fear:
Heavens, make this Princes Life Your nearest Care,
That does so many heavenly Virtues share.
If Kings may be allow'd to Copy You,
CHARLES is the likest, Nature ever drew:
Blast every hand, that dares to be so bold
An impious weapon 'gainst His Life to hold;
Burst every heart, that dares but think Him ill,
Their guilty Souls with so much Terror fill,
That of themselves they may their PLOT unfold,
And live no longer, when the Tale is told:
Safe in your Care all else would needless prove,
Yet keep Him safe too in His Subjects Love;
Your Subjects view You with such Loyal Eyes,
They know not how they may their Treasure prize.
Were You defenceless, they would round You fall,
And pile their Bodies to build up a Wall.
Were You oppress'd, 'twou'd move a generous strife
Who first should lose his own, to save Your Life:
But since kind Heaven these Dangers doth remove,
We'll find out other wayes to express our Love.
We'll force the Traytors all, their Souls resign
To herd with them, that taught them their Design.

FINIS.

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L O N D O N:

Roger L'Estrange.

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